

FORWARD



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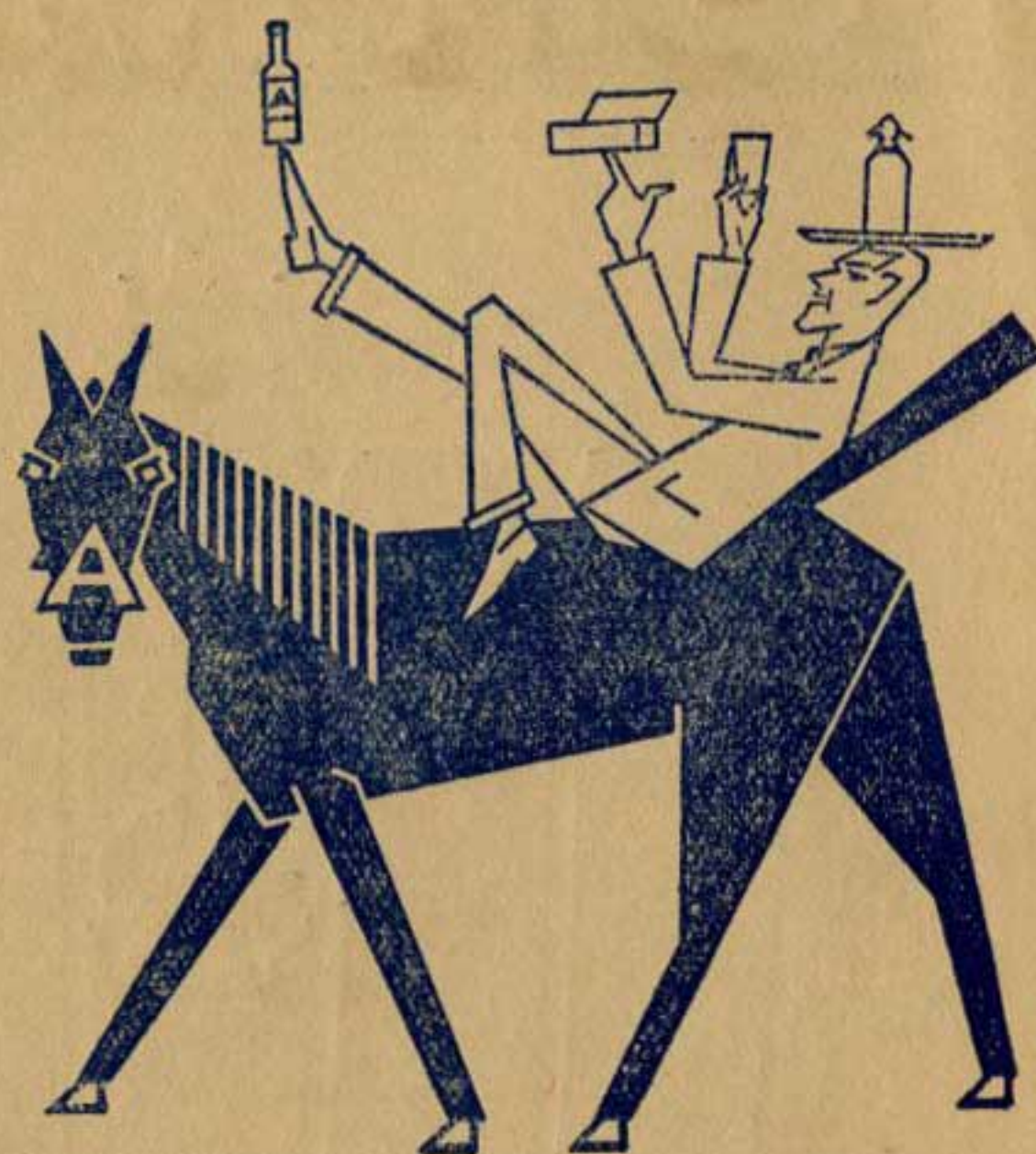
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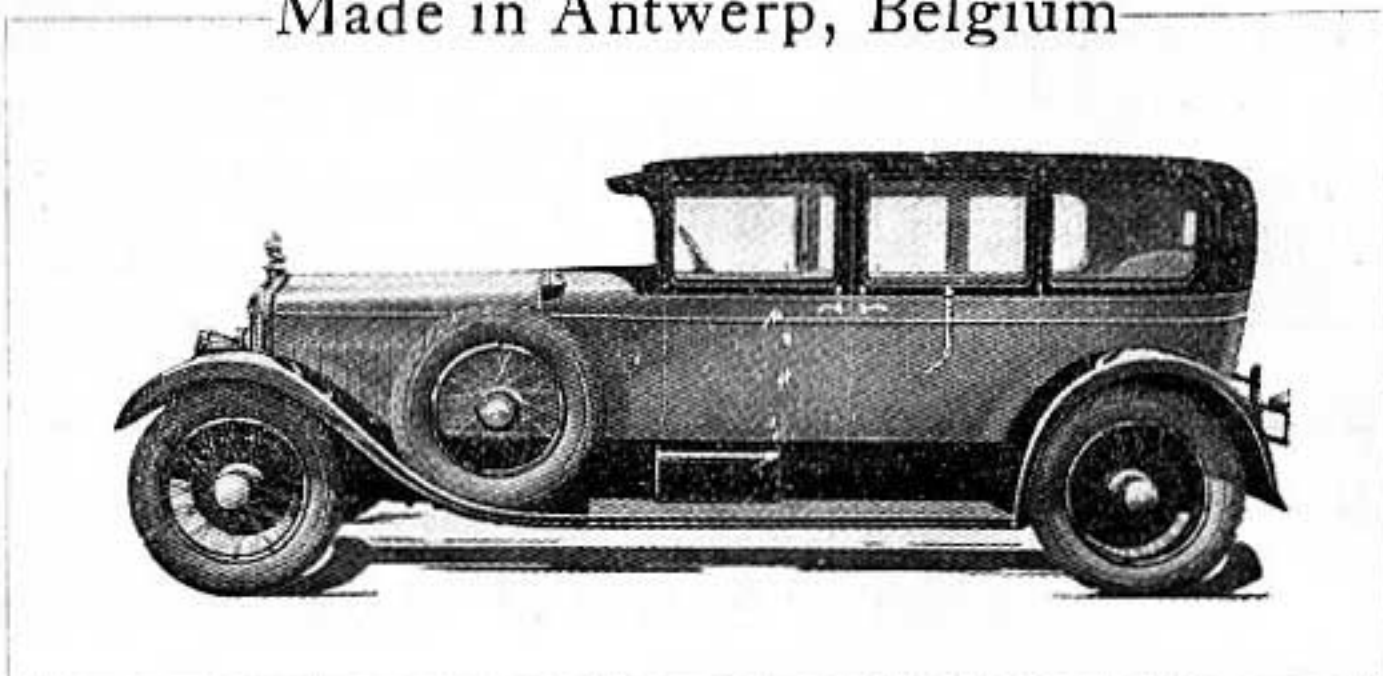
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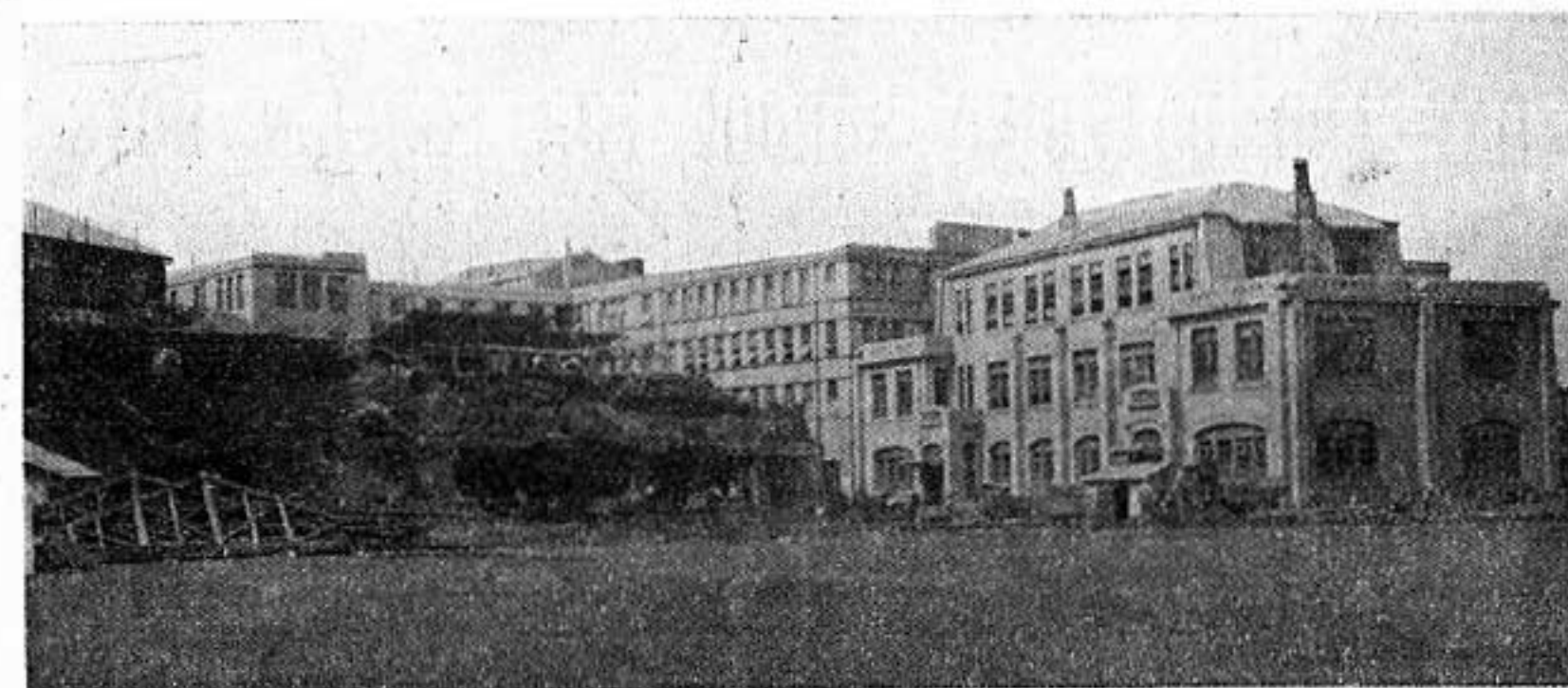
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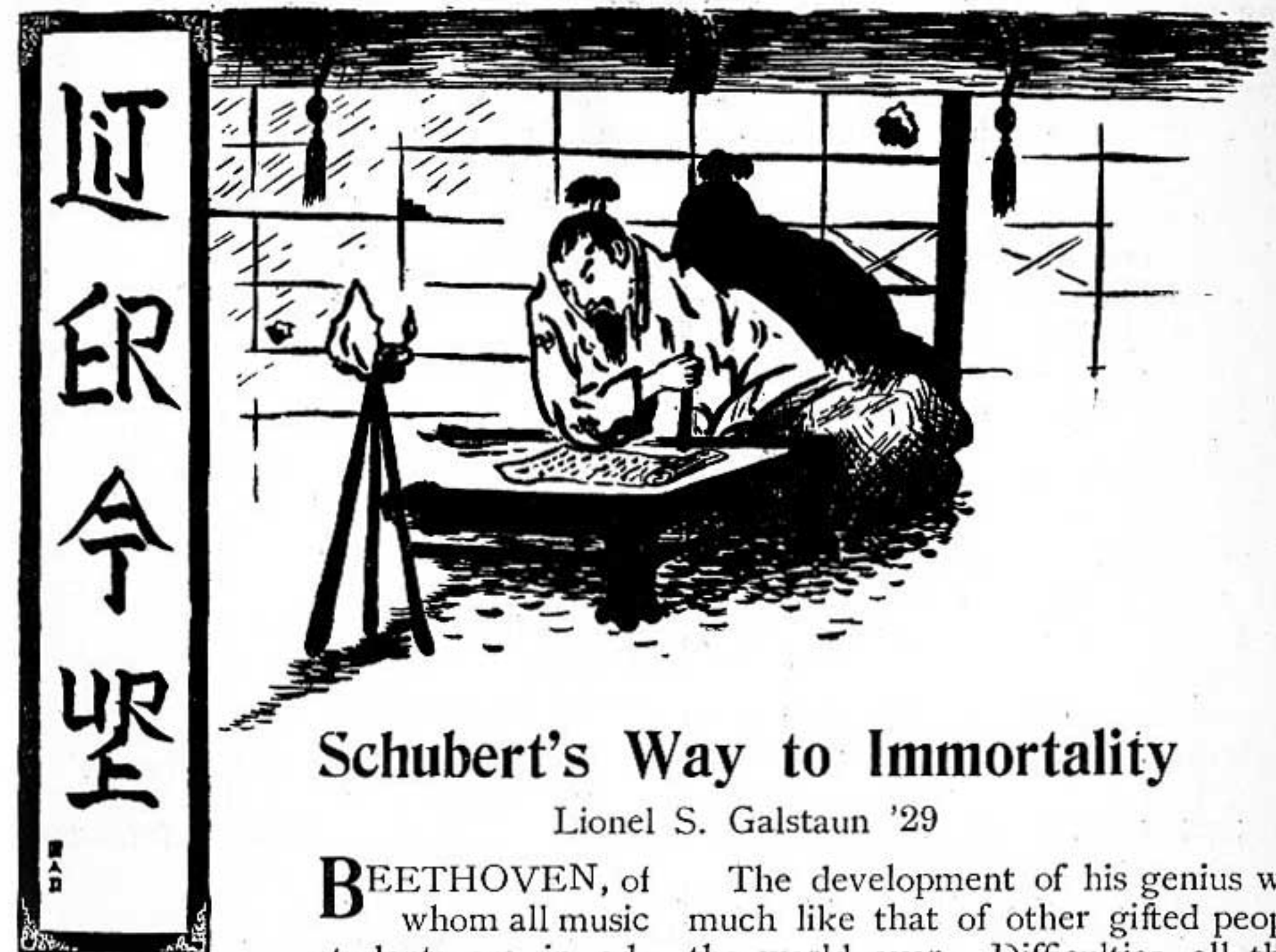
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DECEMBER, 1928

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Schubert's Way to Immortality

Lionel S. Galstaun '29

BEETHOVEN, of whom all music students are in admiration, was the musical giant of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There was, however, another musician of the same period, a friendlier contemporary, one dwelling in a more breatheable atmosphere, and whose centenary we celebrated last month. That musician was Franz Schubert.

Born, in 1797, in a suburb of Vienna, he was one of the junior members of a large family. For Schubert, genius was not the sorrowful gift it was for Mozart. Schubert's life ran like a swift mountain stream, leaping and dancing over mossy stones—now and again staying silent in a dark pool, but soon flinging itself into light and air once more. However, life was not "roses, roses all the way" in the case of poor Schubert. Few people could have endured the hardships to which he was subjected.

The development of his genius was much like that of other gifted people the world over. Difficulties all thru life and undying fame ever after. It may be said that Franz Schubert's musical career began at the age of eleven years, when the little fellow was sent as a candidate to a choir-school attached to the Court chapel. While awaiting his turn to be examined, his poor and shabby clothes caused him to be ridiculed by other candidates; when, however, the examination was over, Franz received a parcel bearing his name. It was the dainty gold-laced uniform of an imperial chorister.

The boys attending this school had an orchestra of their own, and little Franz was asked to assist. He played so well that the leader, a lad named Spaun, on hearing the beautiful sounds, turned to see whence they came, and saw "a small boy in spectacles named Franz Schubert" This was Schubert's beginning, the

time when he set his talent to work, and began creating pieces which will ever remain as examples of the genius of the Viennese composer.

Spaun and Schubert became great friends, and one day Franz, coloring a good deal, told his friend that he had begun composing, but had no money to buy paper. Spaun bought the paper, and Schubert kept on in his cherished work. It is a fact that this unguided initiative caused the young musician more harm than good, as he had not been taught the theory of musical composition. The result was that he was never able to mould his free and swiftly-moving genius to the forms necessary for heavier composition. Franz, from the very beginning, was a writer of songs, and though he is peerless in that field of music, it is to be regretted that his masters did not discipline him more, and bring out the full capabilities of his genius. When, at seventeen, he started taking lessons from Salieri, a very gifted musician, his style had already been formed.

At the age of eighteen, he wrote his first Mass, and he himself conducted. We can imagine the pride of the boy's father, when, in appreciation, Schubert senior, bought his son a five-octave piano, an expensive thing in those days. As the boy grew older, the number of his

friends increased. By nature a spend-thrift, he never had much money, and his success with the publishers was irregular and uncertain. From time to time, he was offered posts as organist, but each time he refrained from taking them, knowing full well that he was incapable of such routine work.

In his own labors, he worked without stop. He would even keep his spectacles on at night lest he should awake with a song in his head, and have to waste time looking for them. So great was Franz Schubert's ability to write songs, that Robert Schumann said that Schubert could turn a street bill into music.

This genius who passed away in November of the year 1828, is one of the greatest musicians of modern times. His compositions, crowned by the "Unfinished Symphony", a mighty triumph of his genius, are second only to Beethoven's in popularity. In spite of all his present universal admiration, life buffeted him hard, but did not change him. To the very end he was reckless and improvident, but never in his whole career was he an unfaithful friend. He had neither fine stature nor good looks; during his life, from youth to manhood, he was just "little Franz Schubert in spectacles".

A Gruesome Experience

Reginald J. Price '29

DURING the whole of a dull and stifling day, near the close of autumn, Pierre Gerard and Jean Thibault had travelled wearily thru a monotonous tract of country. The

clouds hung oppressively low, and the general atmosphere was charged with impending storm. They were in the heart of a forest in the Pyrenees bordering upon France, and had lost

their bearings. As evening drew on, the gathering darkness made their plight the more hopeless. Pierre, the younger of the two, did not make much of their danger, but Jean, who was aware of the peril from outlaws, and realized it to the full, began to lose heart.

For two interminable hours they struggled on, and Pierre began to show signs that even his indomitable spirit was not proof against the despondency of his companion and the hopelessness of their position. They were almost dropping from exhaustion, when, as if by the hand of Providence, they discerned a light in the distance. With the strength born of desperation, they quickened their lagging footsteps and urged on their tired feet. Neither of them could tell afterwards how they accomplished that last part of their weary wanderings. With the last reserve of their strength almost gone, they all but tumbled into the doorway, just as the storm broke over their heads.

The owner of the house was apparently a wood-cutter; observing the condition in which these two poor wanderers were, he did not waste time in words but proceeded to revive them. His wife a comely lady of middle age, made steaming platefuls of food and gave them hot broth to drink. These, and a generous quaff of cordial did much to revive Pierre, and it was not long before he became his former garrulous self. He started to talk of his gratitude to the kind people who so opportunely showed them hospitality, of the great rewards he would send them when he would be once more safe at home etc..

However peaceful and guileless their host might appear to be, a fearful array of cutlasses, sabres, and

pistols which Jean chanced to see in an adjacent room, told another tale and caused him much anxiety of mind. Pierre, quite oblivious of his friend's growing apprehension, kept on talking and gave all the inside information that a bandit, such as his host appeared, would desire. Moreover upon retiring, he asked for his little strong box saying that as it contained the diamonds of the crown, he preferred that they should be near his person. The woodcutter was very effusive in his inquiries after the welfare of his guests and did everything in his power to better their comfort.

Exhaustion soon told on Pierre and no sooner had his head touched the pillow than he was sound asleep. On the other hand Jean's apprehensions prevented him from sleep. So he determined to mount guard; especially since Pierre's garrulity had further endangered their already perilous position. "Necessity is the mother of inventions" is indeed a true saying and Jean found many ways to keep awake. But his vigil was apparently in vain for the greater part of the night passed without incident and he was about to give up what he was beginning to think a useless watch, when it seemed to him that he could hear voices below. He listened intently for some time and sure enough he heard the woodcutter and his wife carrying on a whispered conversation.

"But I tell you that we should kill them both, it is best that we do so," the wife was saying; to which entreaty the husband answered; "My dear, there is no need to kill them both, let the younger one live for some time till a greater necessity arises." At this point they moved off and Jean could hear no more. Jean was frozen with fear. There

they were! Caught like rats in a trap. Trapped in a den of thieves armed with cutlasses and pistols, and all lines of retreat cut off. Cursing Pierre's foolhardiness, he racked his brains for a means of escape but his thoughts were rudely scattered by a creak on the stairs; stiffening, he listened, while the perspiration formed in icy beads upon his forehead, and he heard the midnight visitor reach the top of the landing. In one stride Jean reached the door just as it opened noiselessly inwards, and took up his position behind it. Thru a cold sweat of fear, he saw the woodcutter enter the room with a cutlass in his teeth and a lantern in his hand. Cautiously he advanced towards the bedside of Pierre and raised his gleaming cutlass aloft. The distance that separated Jean from the rascal was too great to be traversed without attracting the attention of the murderer, and he gave up all thoughts of attack. The woodcutter was now by the bed and he slowly raised his left hand and

grasping a leg of mutton which was hanging from the ceiling above Pierre's head, cut it off its place of repose. Then with a muttered "quietly" from his wife who had appeared at the top of the stairs, they descended below.

Later in the morning, Pierre and Jean sat at breakfast and the latter asked the woodcutter what he had meant by the conversation he had carried on earlier in the morning. Upon which the woodcutter and his wife both broke into roars of laughter and it was some time before they could recover themselves sufficiently to tell the amazed Jean that the subject of that fearful talk was of nothing more than two of their pigs which they wanted to kill. Still not quite convinced Jean asked for the meaning of the armoury in the next room, and was informed that they kept them there for precaution against the bandits who roamed in the neighborhood.

The Locked Door

Lewis L. Shaw '29

JACK Seymour walked slowly along the pavement, with a thoughtful frown on his brow. His usually smiling features bore the vague expression of one in a troublesome frame of mind. Ever since he had left College, Jack Seymour had gone dancing thru life, but now, not so long after, he was faced with a serious problem.

He had gambled on horses and somehow or other fortune had not favored him; one debt had brought on another and now he was deeper

in the mire than ever. The afternoon post brought him a letter from his uncle asking him if he would like to fill a position in the former's office. But he did not want a small job with a paltry hundred or two a week, and with only remote chances of a rise in salary. He wanted something big! His creditor was getting clamorous and he would have to pay off his debts at once or he would be ruined. He stopped and glanced at his watch. Six o'clock! He must be getting home, mother would be waiting to

take dinner with him. He retraced his steps homeward and even the excellent cooking of his mother which he would have praised highly at any other time did not serve to distract his burdened mind.

After dinner his mother went into an adjoining room and returned with a heavy iron box that had a ponderous padlock. This she unlocked and brought out wad after wad of notes. At sight of the little stacks of real coin, Seymour's thoughts were brought down to earth. He gazed in amazement at the pile of bills before him. His mother was speaking: "All these years I've sweated and sweated, until now I've saved quite a lot of money, and we'll be able to live comfortably for the rest of our lives."

"We will go off to some place in Europe and....." Just then the door-bell rang. "I'll answer it Jack," said his mother as she rose and went towards the door. Just as she opened it a gust of wind raised the notes and scattered them about the table and on the floor. She spoke without turning: "See that the notes don't go into the fire Jack." Mechanically Seymour stooped to gather the notes and right then an idea flashed thru his mind. He counted the notes rapidly. There were more than enough to pay off his debts; he would leave some of the notes scattered about as a deception, stuff the rest into his breast, and wait for his mother's return.

"It was only the milkman, he came to ask....." She stopped at the expression on Seymour's face. "I'm sorry mother he began but some of the notes have gone into the fire." With a cry she grasped his meaning. "All these years I've saved that money and now most of it's gone in one puff," and crying bitterly she

staggered out of the room. Seymour gathered up the remaining notes and putting them into the box, also left the room.

Seymour's mind was in a turmoil. He must have solitude. He went up to his room and locking the door sank into an armchair before the fire. He stared steadily into the flames. Now he would be safe from his creditor; his mother would never suspect him of stealing the money. Was it his imagination or was it a reality that he heard a creak outside his door? He twisted around in his chair and glanced at the door. Oh horrors it was opening! He stood up and stared vacantly at the slowly opening door.

A man of about middle age stood on the threshold and looked at Seymour. The former was dressed in rags and a month's growth of beard stood on his chin. He came slowly towards Seymour and spoke to him. "I got something to tell you; do you hear this?" He thrust his hand into his breast and Seymour heard a rustling as of paper rubbing against paper. "I stole this money from my mother to pay my debts. I wouldn't go to work at a small job. I wanted something big, and now I'm cursed for my folly. Everywhere I go I hear this rustling. Do you know me young Seymour?" "I don't know you, and who on earth are you anyway?" answered Jack. "Of course you know me, look at me closely Jack Seymour." Mechanically Seymour felt for the scar on his lower lip. He was staring at his own face! "I advise you young Seymour to go straight or you'll be like me. You'll be cursed for life." And quietly the Tramp retreated from the room closing the door behind him.

Seymour awoke with a start. He was sweating in every pore, he was still in the armchair in his own room and there was no tramp in sight. Seymour's mind was made up.

The next morning he wrote two letters, one to his uncle saying that he would be glad to take the job, and another to his creditor asking

him to extend the date of payment for a few months and he would be paid in full. As he was leaving the house to post the letters, he heard his mother's voice exclaiming in joyful accents: "Why the money was in the box all the time, Jack."

And smiling to himself, Seymour reached for his hat and left the house.

A Strange Tale

Sunao Takata '29

IT was one of those rare, warm days in winter that I took a stroll along the quays of Shanghai. I had no particular reason for going down to the water-front but I now deem myself fortunate in having yielded to the impulse of the fine weather. Walking along the wharves set me to thinking about ships—ships that never reached their destination—when I suddenly bumped into a rather rough-looking personage. He was a typical beach-comber so well known in the Orient with a tattered, greasy cap perched at a rakish angle on his uncombed hair, a loud, faded jersey and pants two sizes too large. He had dropped his pipe in our little accident and in stopping to pick it up he exposed a sinewy tattooed arm bearing the name "Orpheus." Now this was the ship which had so mysteriously disappeared in the broad expanse of the Pacific a few years back and had caused no end of excitement in and out of maritime circles. My curiosity was at once aroused and prompted me to pry my chance acquaintance with questions regarding the ill-fated ship. From him I gleaned out the fact that he had been a member of the "Orpheus" crew.

After much persuasion on my part I induced him to come to my lodging and recount the tale. Since the time the "Orpheus" had gone down, gossips, theories, and weird tales as to how the ship met her fate filled the air. Despite all possible conjectures the ship's disaster remained as enigmatical as before, defying all solution. The only clue was an abruptly cut off S.O.S. received by the S.S. Van Orman. The operator worked feverishly for the remaining sentence but the silent ether was the only answer. Having before me the only survivor, I made him as comfortable as possible in order to listen to his harrowing experience.

From him I learned that the "Orpheus" had been a tramp steamer plying between San Francisco and the Orient, carrying any available cargo it might pick up. On the last voyage she was taking a precious shipment of gold bullion carefully stored in her holds. It seems that she was ill-omened from the start when for unknown reasons the rats deserted the ship in droves. Rats leaving a ship! This cast a gloom over the ship but queer as it may sound, none of the crew resigned.

Probably news of the heavy shipment had somehow leaked out and the motive of greed over-ruled superstition in these men.

Such was the case as the "Orpheus," doomed for Davy Jones's locker, steamed serenely out of the Golden Gate. The first week out passed uneventfully, but by the middle of the second the crew became openly rebellious and mutiny was in the air. There seemed to have been a plot among the crew to scuttle the ship, kill the officers and make a get-away with the bullion. All the plans were cleverly laid and on the fatal night of the 16th a picked crew of desperadoes crept stealthily up the bridge, killed the captain and officers, broke open the holds and loaded the life-boats with as much gold bullion as the life-boats could hold. The wireless operator on duty, sensing danger frantically sent out the S.O.S. but before the position

could be given, the crew swarmed in upon the cabin and shot him in cold blood.

All went as the mutineers planned for the three days at sea but on the fourth day a heavy sea arose and the open boats became swamped. The heavy bullion proved too much and the boats were upset drowning all the crew save this lucky sailor, who managed to cling to some wreckage from which he was eventually picked up by a fishing smack off the coast of Honolulu. He had managed to keep silent about the facts and worked his way to Shanghai as a stoker.

With the conclusion of the tale he abruptly rose, took a gulp of whisky and while I thanked him for the solving of the mysterious disappearance of the "Orpheus," he crossed the doorway and vanished in the mist which had settled over the city.

A Bloody Gamble in China

Fedia S. Ganin '29

THE struggle for life, tho at bottom the same everywhere has its aspects to the people and clime. Indians for instance pursue herds of deer for days in succession without rest; the Chinese coolie will transport merchandise for hundreds of miles in a little wheelbarrow, or submit to extremely hard labor of the coal mines.

Every laborer is in need of means with which to relieve the palling monotony of hard work and thereby to refresh brains, heart and muscles.

Each has his own choice recreation: one listens to lectures; another reads books, or yet another plays music or studies philosophy etc. You will most likely notice that Europeans go to the cafés or restaurants or balls. Westerners are fond of cognac, whisky, card games, cigars etc.; a German labourer cannot get along without his beer, a Russian without vodka, an Indian without tobacco, a Chinaman without opium and gambling—not taking into consideration the exceptions.

Number 105365

J.A.K. Takahashi '29

Henry Smith, journalist of the "X Times" tasted the last drop of coffee when the clock, which hung above the cashier's head, was pointing to 6:43.

To take a light supper every evening at this restaurant was a pleasure for a bachelor like Henry. In fact, there were no other houses that could serve dishes of better flavor in the wide city of Tokyo. Two months had passed since the Union clock above the cashier had shown 6:43. That happened to be the time when Henry Smith had stepped out of this restaurant for the first time. I do not know why he became so good a customer of this house, but as far as I can remember, he had never missed to drop in to take his supper on his way home from office. And every day at 6:43 I could find him at the door of the restaurant his back turned to the room.

Today also he took his supper at the usual table where he could view the whole dining-room at one glance. He lit his cigarette and sat down again. His eyes looked upon a young lady, dressed in brown, who was going out of this house. But before he had learned something more about this girl she was already swallowed up in the stream of people continuously walking the street from East to West.

"Hey! Bill, Bill!" Suddenly Henry heard these words from an old gentleman sitting at the next table. Henry was interested in this man from before, and somehow he read prestige and dignity in his attitude and in his noble looking face. The gentleman having paid the waiter

with a one yen bill, he began to smoke a cigar. Every stroke of action and motion added more weight to the praise of Henry.

"No, this is wrong, this is change for a yen. Didn't I give you a ten yen piece?" said the old man to the boy. Though the boy asked him in a polite and respectful manner if he had been thinking of a wrong thing, and calmly replied he had only received a yen piece. Henry thought that he might become the witness for the boy if necessary.

"For sixty years I have never made a mistake, well, what is your name?" He also asked in a quiet way; he did not take the trouble to draw away his attention from his papers.

"What, Paul, all right, go,—and tell your manager to come here." He was still reading the journal. He heard the footstep of the manager, and before the boss had time to say some words of apology, the old man started to say "Do these mistakes occur often?"

"No sir, I'm sorry to hear that, but if you could only state a definite proof, will you—" "Proof?" He put his journal away for the first time and also his cigar from his mouth, and with suspicious eyes under his spectacles glared at the manager.

"Please do not take it as a grave matter, but Paul says he is certain that you have paid the bill with a yen piece."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! I have now discovered a case where a word of a waiter would overcome my words. All right I wouldn't care if it was a

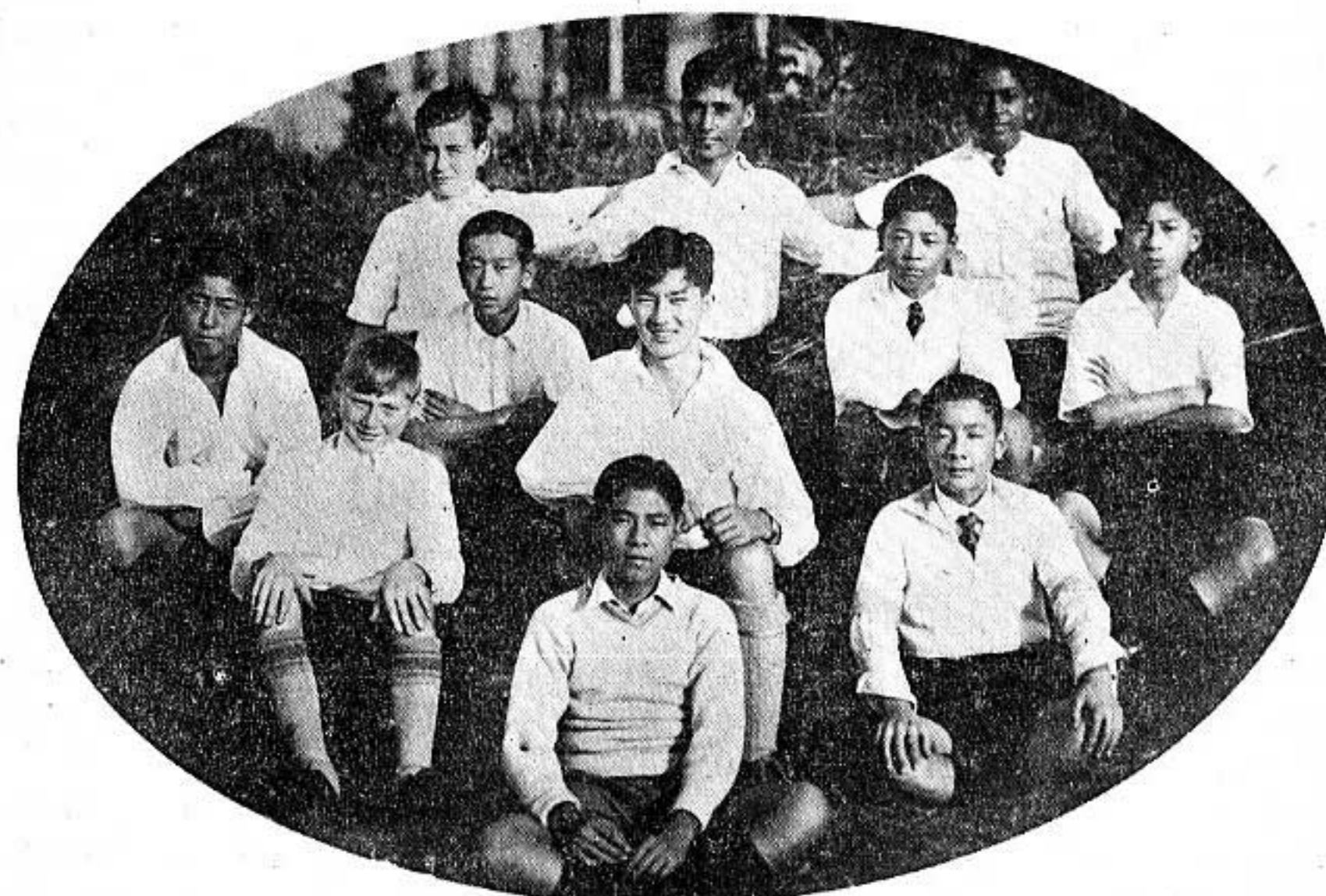
yen. But, I only fear the reputation of your house." "Yes, but if you could prove that—" Before Henry Smith had time to state that it was really a yen piece, the old gentleman continued to speak with a smile.

"I have a special habit, you know, I never used to take along with me a smaller piece than a ten yen bill. I had just drawn out five ten yen notes from the bank, and if I'm not wrong the one which I gave to Paul must be one of these; here they are—" He was already placing the rest of the yen on the table. Four new pieces were arranged one after the other according to the order of the number.

"Look, among the five ten yen bills between '105364' and '105366', the number five is not there. And if in your register a ten yen note that agrees with my numbers would be there, it is sure that it has been taken out of my pocket. Ha! ha! ha! Examine if you like." The manager like a squirrel went to the

cashier. There, as the old man insisted, he found a ten yen piece bearing the number "105365". Casting a disdainful look at the cashier, and the boss, the old gentleman giving a tip to Paul from the change of nine yen something, walked off victoriously from the restaurant.

A few days had gone by, Henry Smith was on his way to a station of a different district. He was greatly surprised when he saw the young lady, dressed in brown, whom he saw the other evening, coming out of a restaurant. Now he thought he could understand the mystery. After he had passed the lady, he took a glance of the interior of the restaurant through the windows. There, he saw the same man, with a cigar in his mouth, and a journal in his hand, talking to the waiter standing at his side. Henry Smith recognized that the waiter was not in an ordinary condition, and noticed that he resembled Paul of that evening.



The Minim Football Team

FRANÇAIS

OKUBO HIKOZAEMON

H. Luther '29

Sous le règne du shogun Iemitsu, il y avait un hatamoto (attaché au palais) appelé Okubo Hikozaemon. Chaque jour beaucoup de seigneurs et d'autres nobles venaient au palais du souverain pour affaires. Or la porte d'entrée avait un seuil très élevé, si élevé qu'il était presque impossible d'y passer en chaise à porteurs. Pour surmonter cet obstacle les daimios employaient de grands gaillards tandis que les autres seigneurs comme les hatamoto n'avaient pas assez de ressources pour se payer ce luxe. C'est pour cela qu'on ne trouvait que de petits porteurs à leur service. Aussi ces nobles de seconde classe étaient-ils obligés de descendre de leurs chaises à l'entrée et de marcher à pied jusqu'au palais. Cela revolta Okubo Hikozaemon et il résolut de mettre fin à cette humiliation.

Un jour il se mit dans une cuve suspendue à un gros bâton et se fit

porter au palais. Mais arrivé à l'entrée Okubo ne descend pas ou plutôt ne sort pas de sa cuve. Les porteurs essaient de faire passer la cuve par la porte au seuil si élevé. Impossible, Okubo Hikozaemon reste dans sa cuve et dit aux porteurs de faire de leur mieux pour entrer avec leur fardeau. Ceux-ci travaillent dix, vingt, trente minutes rien n'y fait. Pendant ce temps un daimyo après l'autre arrive mais aucun ne peut dépasser avec sa chaise, le premier arrivé qui bouche l'entrée. Enfin après une demi-heure Okubo descend de sa cuve et marche solennellement vers le palais. Mais les daimyo très mécontents de ce tour vont se plaindre au gouverneur du palais. Ce dernier très intelligent vit le défaut et fit baisser le seuil. Ainsi même les hatamoto purent passer par le portail sans descendre de leurs montures.

Le moineau et le chat

K. F. Alt '30

Monsieur le chat est triste aujourd'hui, car il n'a rien mangé depuis deux jours. Ce matin il a essayé d'attraper les poissons rouges dans le bocal du salon mais le domestique, par une bonne correction, lui a fait passer l'envie de recommencer. Ne

sachant que faire dans une maison aussi inhospitalière, le chat s'en va chasser dans le jardin. Pendant un bon moment, il est à l'embuscade quand il aperçoit un gros moineau se vautrant gaiement dans le sable de l'allée. Le chat s'approche

doucement et savoure d'avance un bon déjeuner. Rapide comme l'éclair il saute sur le pauvre oiseau qui serré dans les griffes de son ennemi n'a plus envie de jouer dans le sable. Pourtant il ne perd pas la tête car, au bout de quelques instants, il s'adresse au chat, non pour demander d'épargner sa vie, mais pour lui faire une remarque charitable.

"O monsieur le chat, comme vous avez une vilaine figure ce matin. Je croyais que les bêtes de votre espèce se lavaient avant le dîner. Mais vous, vous avez l'air de faire exception à cette règle. Je suis sûr et certain que vous n'avez pas encore fait un bout de toilette ce matin."

Cette remarque blesse le chat qui commence immédiatement à mouiller la patte et à frotter le visage, non pas précisément pour se laver, mais pour cacher sa honte et son rougissement. L'intelligent moineau ne perd pas une seconde et profitant de cette belle occasion s'envole, et avec lui, voilà le dîner parti. Le chat tout désespéré songe un instant à se suicider, mais trouvant qu'après tout la vie vaut la peine d'être vécue il change d'avis, et reste en vie.

Depuis ce jour le chat jura de ne plus jamais se laver avant un bon dîner, mais seulement après avoir bien rempli l'estomac.

L'humour japonais

R. Mehta '29

Tanaka, l'air très pressé, passe devant la maison de son ami intime Ando. Ce dernier le voyant aller en grande vitesse l'interpelle.

- Eh! Tanaka, vous avez l'air bien pressé?

- C'est que je le suis en effet.

- Entrez donc s'il - vous - plaît et prenez une tasse de thé.

- Ah non, impossible aujourd'hui, excusez-moi, mais je ne peux pas m'arrêter.

- Allons! un bon mouvement, un brin de causette ne saurait retarder vos affaires,

- Je vous répète que vraiment il faut que j'aille à la maison et cela en vitesse, sinon, tout est manqué.

- Vraiment, vous refusez?

- Volontiers je viendrais passer un bon moment avec vous mais d'abord il faut que je rentre à la maison.

- Qu'y a-t-il donc de si pressant. Voyons dites-le moi.

- Il y a, dit l'autre, il y a que je viens d'acheter un kimono pour ma femme et...et...il faut que je le lui offre tout de suite avant que la mode change.

Les trois souhaits

K. Pow '30

Un paysan et sa chère épouse avaient un cœur bon comme le pain, donnant généreusement aux pauvres et aux miséreux. Pour les récompenser de leur générosité, une nuit une fée vint les visiter et leur dit : "Exprimez trois désirs et vous les verrez se réaliser. L'heureux couple demanda une journée pour réfléchir et la fée fit droit à leur requête.

Le lendemain la femme sortit pour chercher du pain chez le boulanger. Là elle vit un délicieux pouding et elle se dit : "J'aimerais bien l'avoir." A l'instant le pouding se trouva dans sa maison.

Le mari furieux de voir un premier souhait gaspillé par la gourmandise de sa femme la reprit

vertement : "Que tu es sotté, voilà comme tu gâtes tout. Je voudrais que ce pouding te pende au nez". Et à l'instant le pouding se trouva suspendu au nez de la femme.

"Imbécile", s'écria-t-elle. Voilà le deuxième souhait perdu Il ne vous en reste plus qu'un".

"Qu'allons-nous faire, se demanda le mari, qu'allons-nous souhaiter en troisième lieu."

"Que le pouding s'en aille de mon nez, répondit la femme.

A l'instant le nez se trouva libre car, le pouding avait disparu.

Voilà comment ces braves gens se trouvèrent aussi pauvres après la réalisation des trois vœux qu'avant la visite de la fée.

Vengeance d'un docteur

H. Oka '30

Un médecin distingué aurait bien aimé être membre d'une société savante. Il fit sa demande au président de cette association et attendit patiemment la réponse. Celle-ci ne tarda pas, et contrairement à l'attente du docteur, il fut refusé avec dédain. Sa fureur fut terrible mais il n'en laissa rien voir.

Un mois après cet événement le secrétaire de la société reçut une lettre qui se terminait ainsi : "La semaine dernière j'eus un client qui avait une jambe brisée. Le pauvre homme me demanda de lui venir en aide. J'examinai la jambe cassée, la remis en place, la liai fortement. Après cela j'y ai appliqué un peu d'eau de goudron et trois heures après mon bonhomme marchait comme avant."

Cette lettre fit grand bruit dans le monde et surtout dans cette société savante où les opinions au sujet de la guérison furent d'accord à proclamer l'efficacité de l'eau de goudron. Le docteur savant si distingué fut loué, admiré et enfin admis à l'unanimité au sein de la société. En même temps que le diplôme d'admission on lui fit parvenir une invitation à venir expliquer au long et au large sa belle expérience.

Le malin refusa le diplôme et l'invitation par ces simples mots : "A quoi bon tant de bruit, mon client avait seulement une jambe de bois qui s'était cassée.

La plaisanterie se répandit partout et la réputation de la société fut à jamais ruinée.

EDITORIAL

THE IMPERIAL CORONATION

S. Takata '29 & K. Takahashi '29

THE odor of the chrysanthemum had deepened the all-important autumn of the Third year of Showa. When on November 10th the Japanese throne was formally ascended by Emperor Hirohito in the Shishin-den at the ancient city of Kyoto. The newly-crowned Emperor of the Showa era (Radiant-Peace) is the 124th of a line of unbroken dynasty since the mythical Jimmu Tenno the first emperor. The ascension to the throne culminated the ceremonies begun from last January, when the date for the enthronement was formally announced to the ancestral gods in the Imperial Palace at Tokyo.

The ceremony was divided into two principal parts namely the Gosokuirei and the Taishosai. Sokuirei consists in the announcing of the emperor's accession to the throne, first to the Imperial Ancestors, then to the people of Japan, and also to the heads of every nation as well as to the people of the world through their ambassadors and envoys.

With the conclusion of the enthronement, the Great Thanksgiving ritual was held on November 14th when the sacred rice was offered to the gods. On November 16th the grand banquet took place. These

were the principal events, although numerous other minor events were filled in. During the closing days the Emperor accompanied by the Empress, payed homage to the national shrine at Ise and to the mausoleum of Meiji-Tenno.

The elaborate program on the 10th moved with clock-like precision within the huge inclosure of the Shishinden. Pledging to promote moral and material betterment of his people the Emperor read the Imperial Rescript, which was answered by Premier Tanaka, offering the congratulations of the people of Japan on the occasion of the enthronement. This event was followed by Premier Tanaka's signal for the Banzai. Within half a minute the entire population of every hamlet, village and city in the Japanese Empire raised the three shouts of Banzai in patriotic devotion to the newly-crowned Emperor. With it the mixed note of the cannon's boom, the factory's whistle and the temple's bells echoed and reverberated throughout the Land of the Rising Sun. This signal meant that the much-awaited coronation had come to a grand finale.

Thus a new era is being ushered into the Japanese Empire, which we hope will be a long reign of peace, contentment and prosperity.

A Broken Arm

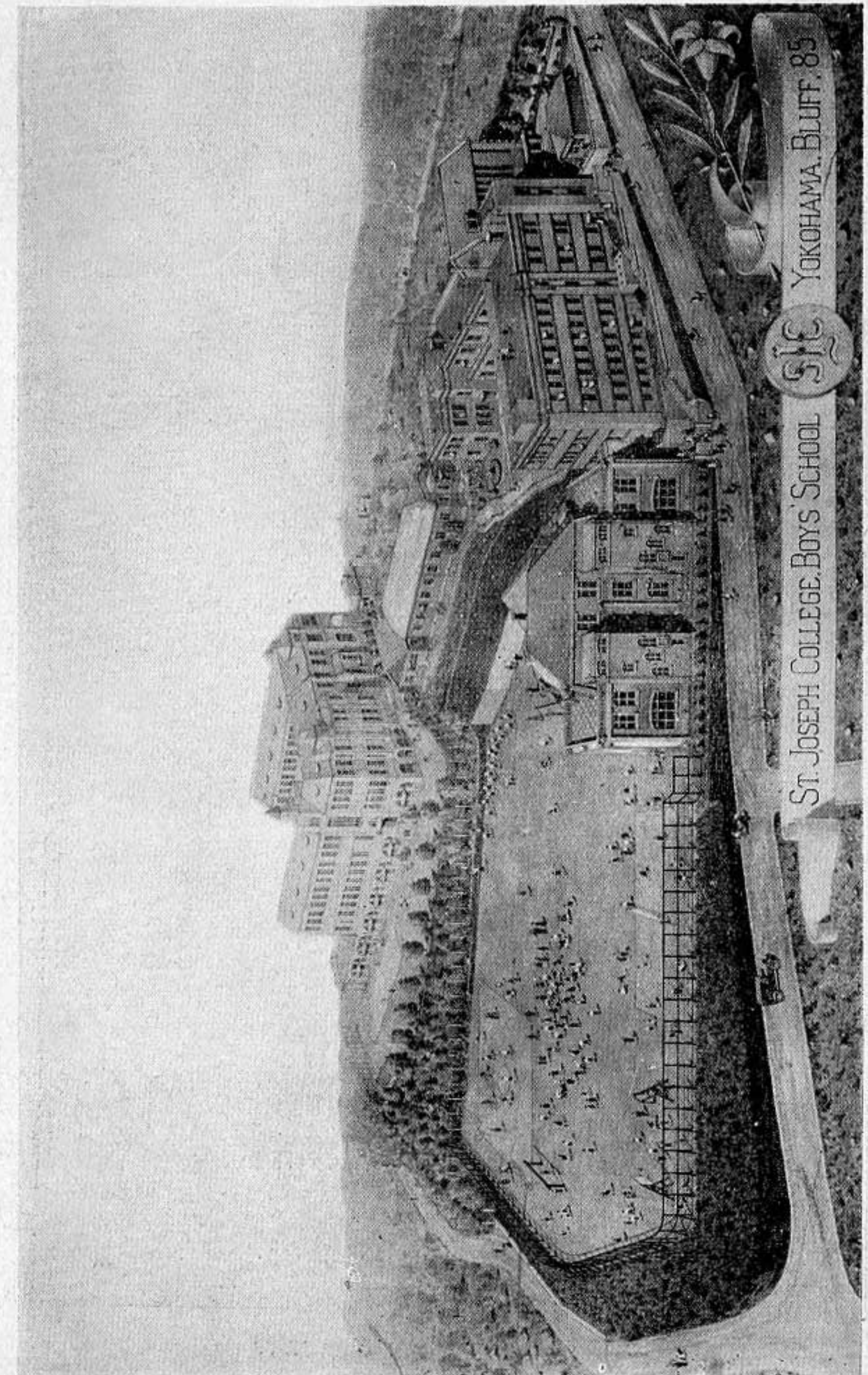
Reginald J. Price '29

NATURE is very patient for the most part, but she cannot be expected to remain passive when a person starts tampering with her laws. Of course she rewards the scientists and men who have a regard for her laws, but when a person merely climbs up somewhere regardless of her laws of gravitation, she ventures to enter a plea of complaint, and the evidence of her displeasure is manifest when we find that the offender invariably comes down from his presumptuous elevation in a rather precipitate manner, to meet mother earth's hard embrace.

When still very young, I had the sad misfortune to trespass against this self-same law. The result was as might have been expected, and I lay unconscious for heaven knows how long. But as my knowledge of nature's laws at that time was nil, she was lenient in meting out punishment and was content with causing me a smashed nose and a rather generally disfigured countenance. This sad experience was vividly recalled to my mind, the other day, when a very intelligent man turned recalcitrant. Well, this time nature was more drastic in her recriminations and the result was a badly broken arm and an injured rib. If that were all, it might have been termed a

fortunate accident, for, the victim is now taking a luxurious rest, but nature was far from overlooking this contingency and accompanied the breaking of the arm with an excruciating pain that will do much to restore in the offender a firm belief in her laws.

So it is with the breaking of any law. Law is the objective norm which securely guides us to our end, and the breaking of any one such law necessarily sanctions a punishment. Where no law forbids an act, one merely uses his right in doing such an act. All laws allow us to repel force by force, that is legitimate self-defense. Extrinsically therefore the act of nature in causing the offender a broken arm is justifiable and not imputable to her as a criminal act. But the question would arise in applying this to a concrete act by man whether it is also intrinsically justifiable and not imputable as a morally bad act. It seems so. For she did not intend the evil effect or the death of the aggressor. Her intention was merely to defend her law which was good; the fact that she may have foreseen the contingency of a broken arm does not alter the intention. Moreover it follows that an effect and its cause have of a necessity an intrinsic and real bond between them.





DOCTOR HERMANN GRAUERT

DOCTOR HERMANN GRAUERT

Doctor Hermann Grauert whom the Forward honors, in the place of distinction of this issue, is the St. Joseph College physician. He was born June 22, 1895. He was educated for the medical profession chiefly in Munich, Berlin, Tuebingen and Hamburg. He graduated both in Germany and Japan; in the former, from the well-known University of Munich with its renowned medical college; in the latter, from the Tokyo Imperial University and therefore holding a special licence of the NAI-MUCHO, or Minister of Home Affairs.

The Doctor studied under such eminent medical men as: Professors F. Sauerbruch, the head surgeon of Berlin University, and inventor of the Sauerbruch Prosthesis; Romberg, the heart and lung specialist; Zumbusch, the skin specialist; Mollier, the blood specialist; Hess, distinguished for colours of biology; Jappinor, eminent pharmacologist; and especially the late Prof. W.K. Roentgen, the world-renowned inventor of the X-ray.

Due to his having held various important medical posts during the World War, his surgical ability is well-grounded; the hospitals of Brussels and Stuttgart especially were the scenes of his work.

At the present time, Doctor Grauert, apart from a quite strenuous practice, devotes himself to enthusiastic research work especially along the lines of tuberculosis, beri-beri, and cancer. He is also the author of scientific essays on diseases of the intestines, of the skin, of the blood and also on tropical diseases.

The College is fortunate in having a physician of such ample experience for tending its sick. The Forward desires to seize this occasion for expressing its cordial thanks towards this untiring benefactor.

The Cultural Value of Historical Studies

Lionel Galstaun '29

WE often say that "so-and-so" is a cultured, or well-bred man. From what trait in his character do we draw this conclusion? Evidently from the fact that he knows much about what is happening and what has happened in the world. From where does he get this knowledge? Entirely from reading much about the world and its history. Where do we get the "knack" of giving examples to fit our discourse? Again, from cases, real or fabulous, about which we have read. We can now see that when we say that a person is cultured, we mean that he knows much of the world in which we live.

The next thing we would like to know is how we can get possession of this knowledge. It can be only thru a study of the happenings recorded in books we have named histories. How often, how very often, have I myself heard the subject of history referred to in names too opprobrious to mention! And why this? I can give but one explanation; obviously it has been neglected to the very last moment when the number of things to be studied have so accumulated as to make even a general review rather difficult. And yet, though it be the fault of the individual himself, he persists that history tells only of things that are dead and gone, and is therefore useless. Dead and gone, to be sure, yet, in later life, when a question of a speech arises, it can hardly be

reckoned how useful that much abused subject becomes. At once it presents a whole train of examples from which a suitable one can be chosen. And can a complete mastery of the subject matter of a speech be secured without examples? Perhaps, but certainly the ideas could be presented in a more forceful and clear manner if the examples are included. So far, so good.

We also hear, quite often, that "so-and-so" is crude, uneducated. The reason is that the person had thought like the philosopher mentioned in the preceding paragraph. Such a track of reasoning, if reasoning it may be called, is absolutely without any foundation on which to rest. People of this caliber are either great fools, or great "lazybones." Are we to depend on the theories of such persons? I would like very much to see the sensible man who would. We now have two distinct classes of thinkers. Let us separate them. On one side we have the intellectual men, for history; on the other, the weak-heads against it. I now appeal to all intelligent men, neutral in their ideas. Who would win if a debate were to come up on the subject? I can pretty safely say that the decision would be in favor of the wise men. Judging from this, and also from the fact that in spite of its opposers history is still taught in schools, we can say that the cultural value of historical studies is practically inconceivable.



K. LEE, THOMAS TURNER, JOSEPH EVANS, H. ASAHINA,
CARLOS LOPEZ, MICHAEL GANIN, RUSTAM MEHTA, REGGIE PRICE,
LEWIS SHAW, FREDERICK GANIN, K. SAWAI

FURNITURE

J. S. B. '19

VISITING two homes recently I was interested to discover how differently my mind was affected by the furniture.

In one, where the drawing-room seemed more like a museum than a parlour, each piece, as I entered, shouted: "Guess how much I cost!"

The place was called a Lounge, but the hostess must have to spend so much time dusting it that she can hardly ever be able to afford the luxury of sitting in it. Above the fragrance of the flowers seemed to hang the smell of the antique dealer's shop and the odour of French polishing.

In the other home, to reach which one has to travel east in the street-cars, no individual piece of furniture thrust itself forward. They seemed to say: "You can't imagine this place without me. I am not much by myself, and a dealer would not look at me, but we all suit each other. Come and sit down and be comfortable!"

There is an interesting field of speculation in this psychological influence of furniture. If a stranger notices the difference, how much may it affect the temperament of those who live always in such surroundings?

I have often remarked the manner and poise of people who live in large rooms. Is there not also noticeable a certain individuality, isolation, and superiority among those who live surrounded by exquisitely built furniture? And on the other hand, as those who live in small rooms have a cosy, comfy, harmonious

feeling about them, is that not emphasised by the appearance and harmony of modest come-and-use-me furniture?

I am told that patent leather shoes are the proper footwear for weddings and evening entertainments. Few of us, I imagine, would care to wear them every day, even if they did not pinch the feet. And fewer still are they who do not feel glad when the moment comes to take them off, and wear, unashamed, a favourite pair of unassuming shoes. They may be old, and almost shapeless, but they give comfort, and that is the real purpose of shoes.

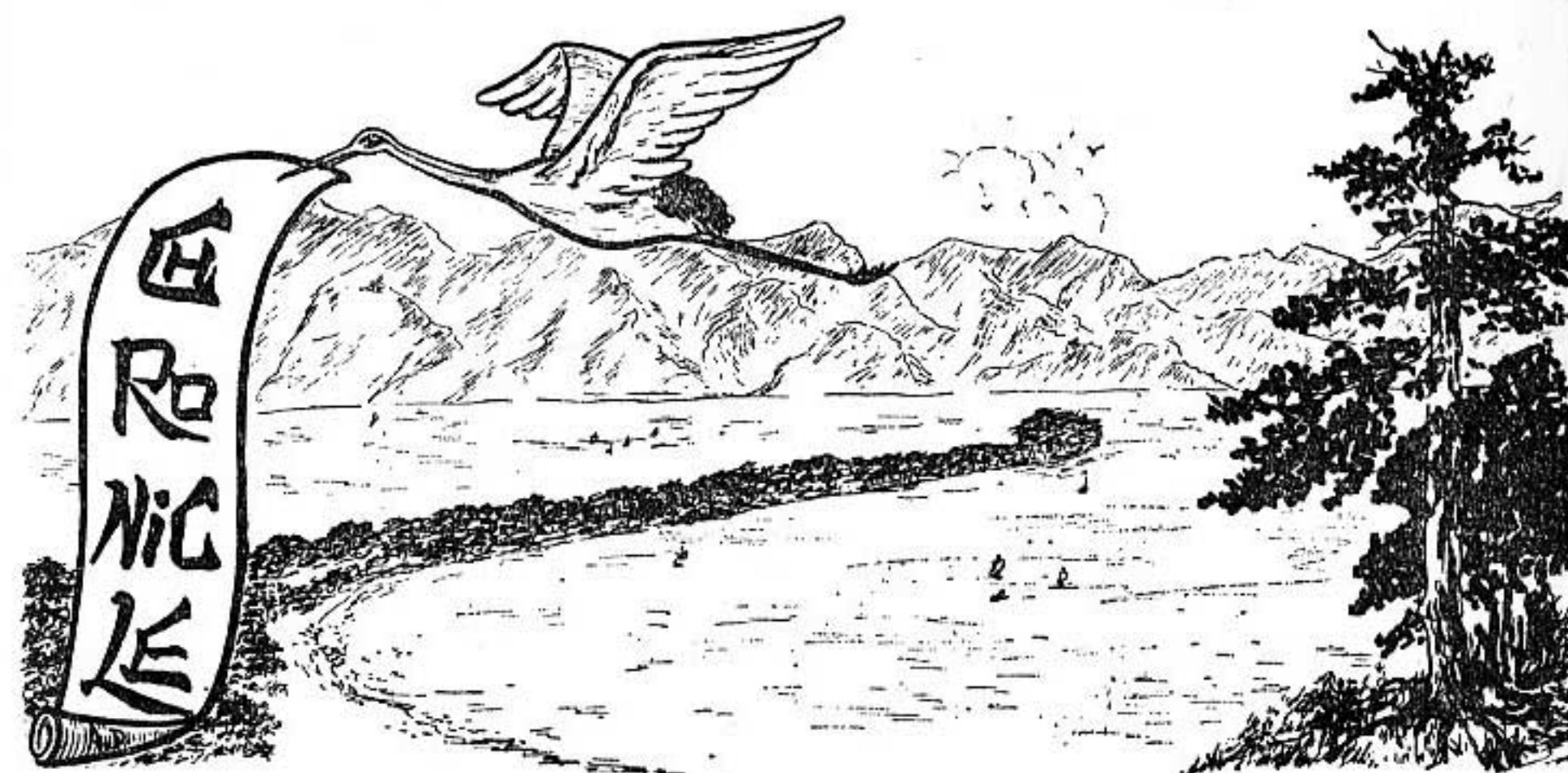
Furniture, clothes, and friends succeed in becoming indispensable in proportion as they are willing to efface themselves.

My old desk, now supporting the little typewriter spelling out this little article, is scratched and ink-stained, but need fear no rivalry from modern roll-tops, or glass-covered mahogany. My old chair beneath me as I write, would never be invited into a drawing-room, but it remains confident that I shall always come back to it. My friend who can walk with me and sit with me in silence and slips away when others come who want to discuss and argue, is deep in my heart.

Let us honour our few unpretentious sticks and be as useful and as modest as they are. Others if they care can have their homes stocked with exhibits fit for a museum, and perhaps become like them—admirable but not lovable.

DECEMBER, 1928

19



By Sunao Takata '29

The New Laboratory

Greater St. Joseph has at last flared over the campus. The years of toil toward this final goal have burst forth into reality. Foremost among the many important alterations is the new quarter for the laboratory. This is easily one of the most attractive on the campus. Those who formerly worked in the cramped quarters below, find the present extensive laboratory a paradise. Physical science is also taught in this room. Very comfortable lecture chairs are provided!

The New Music Department

Another improvement is the new music department. This was originally the faculty's building. Each youthful musician has a private room where he can practice without being disturbed. With the excellent musical talent among the boys and the large hall ready for use, we may expect exceptional concerts by our local talents.

The New Cinema Hall

Another addition among the many "news" is the Cinema Hall. This welcome addition is rapidly nearing completion and it is expected that with the fine machine many interesting educational films will be flashed on the silver screen.

The New Library

The library on the main floor is in perfect order and under the careful guidance of Mr. Abromitis. The books have been augmented considerably so that the students may now find any book for their needs. The adoption of the Dewey system greatly aids the students in finding the books sought for.

The New Japanese Garden

The cozy little garden in the "quad" of the dormitory building occupies a delightful spot on the enlarged campus. The neat arrangement of the stones, pond and trees is especially appealing to the eye.

The New Football Field

Never before, in the annals of S.J.C., has the school had such a splendid opportunity to indulge in sports as this semester. Taking full advantage of the autumn season the strong soccer squad of the students practices almost daily on the enlarged athletic field. For the first time the school ground is the field of action for the Kanagawa-ken Championship Games.

The New Tennis Courts

The tennis courts on the off-side of the campus are the scene of action by budding Tildens or Lacostes. The racket-wielders are rapidly rounding into form and in the near future challenges with other schools may be expected.

The New Shed

The huge shed clear of bothersome rafters and provided with excellent lights, offers a fine practice ground for the cagers, as well as for the volley-ball players.

Visit to the Mitsui Bank

On September 26 the physical science class accompanied by Mr. Janning, paid a visit to the \$20,000,000 Mitsui Trust and Bank Building in Tokyo. The trip was made possible through the courtesy of Mr. R. Cooke, who also conducted the students throughout the entire building, explaining every detail. The incompleteness of the building gave the boys a splendid opportunity to see how construction work is done on a large scale. The massive vaults on the main floor and the machinery in the basement won admiration among the students. In all it was a very interesting and educational trip.

Legion of Honor

In commemoration of the event of Mr. Gaschy's decoration by the French Government with the cross of the Legion of Honor, the entire student body assembled in the Cinema Hall on Sept. 22. The program opened with the French anthem, followed by Mr. Janning's introductory speech. Lionel Galstaun and Reginald Price on behalf of the student body read the felicitations in English and French respectively. The happy event was topped by Monsignor Thill's inspiring talk.

Students Send Congratulations

All the boys of the College signed the letter addressed to Mr. J.B. Gaschy on the occasion of his elevation to the Legion of Honor. S. Fukazawa our artist painted a beautiful letter sheet to inclose the letter.

Mr. J.B. Gaschy is now in America where he will spend two months. He expects to return to Yokohama early in March.

George T. Otani reported on the Kosaka mines.

This summer I took a trip to lake Towada. On my way I was invited by my friend to the Kosaka mines, and the following is a short summary of my visit.

The Kosaka mines are situated about seventy miles north-east of Akita and six hundred feet above the sea-level. The main products of the mines are "Black Ore" so called from its appearance, and "Yellow Ore" consisting of pyrites and chalcopyrites. The "Black Ore" is especially mined by the open-air process, though the digging is done two hundred feet below the earth's surface.



The Kosaka Torii

are put into a furnace. The copper is extracted leaving a heavy slag. The copper is still very impure and it contains a great amount of other minerals among which sulphur is found in abundance. Therefore, while smelting the mineral a lot of sulphurous gas is emitted from a chimney two hundred feet high. The fumes carried by the wind are continually devastating the vegetation of the surrounding country causing the mountains about to stand bare and

The ores are crushed into fine lumps. These are then carried by trucks to the mill half a mile distant. Here these crushed ores are put into a furnace. The copper is extracted leaving a heavy slag. The copper is still very impure and it contains a great amount of other minerals among which sulphur is found in abundance. Therefore, while smelting the mineral a lot of sulphurous gas is emitted from a chimney two hundred feet high. The fumes carried by the wind are continually devastating the vegetation of the surrounding country causing the mountains about to stand bare and

Lionel Galstaun gave a lecture on his visit to Java. He spoke on the sugar and rubber industries. Samples of crude rubber were distributed to the science class.

Father Repetti S. J. Speaks on Seismology

The physical science class had the privilege of listening to an instructive talk on Seismology by Father Repetti of the famous Manila Observatory. Father Repetti gave illustrated explanations of earthquake waves and their motions and the principles involved in the functions of the seismograph. Due to the lucid explanations given, the class gradually absorbed most of these principles; practically everything was clearly understood.



The Red and White Team



AUTUMN HUES

When comes the chilly northern gale,
The summer hues are gone;
The tints of autumn now prevail,
Foretelling winter's dawn.

The dales and mountains now unfold
A gorgeous landscape 'round;
Crimson, scarlet, orange, gold,
And other hues abound.

The brooks and rivulets unseen,
As 'neath the forests they run,
Reflect a multicolored sheen,
Sweet mem'ries of the sun.

Why shouldst thou Autumn give away
Thy heritage so glad,
Surrender Autumn not thy sway
To winter cold and sad.

T. d'Aquino '30

WINTER

Now the days are colder growing
And the leaves are dropping fast,
Whilst the northern wind is blowing
Thru the pines a chilly blast.

Now the hilltops and the mountains
Lie in mantles snowy white,
Whilst the brooks and creeks and fountains
Are in the grip of winter's might.

H. Salter '30

CHRISTMAS

The silent snow is falling fast,
Upon the purplish hills;
The fragrant pines are silent now,
And frozen are the rills.

The fields in mantles white are clad
And o'er these blankets cold,
Invisible, the angels pass,
Blessing young and old.

Oh Happy joyful Christmas
Thy gentle bells I hear
With mingling wav'ring notes they ring
And tell that winter's here.

George Mayers '30.

CHRISTMAS JOYS

Jingle, jingle, jingle, bell,
Father Christmas comes once more;
Children, you the sound can tell,
Soon he's nigh unto your door.

Merry children, now you sleep,
Dreaming of the happy morn;
Soon the dawn of day will creep,
Telling of the Child new born.

Houses fill with merry faces,
Music plays and children dance;
Father, mother, in their places,
This pleasant season to enhance.

A. B. Couto '30

MY RADIO SET

Poor radio, now I think of thee,
Thou ancient rattle-box;
So oft I took the liberty
To give thee bumps and knocks.

Many times I tried to make thee speak
When thou wert in distress,
When, all at once I heard a squeak,
And that was my success.

One night, I heard, a famous song
Was on the ether wave;
My hopes ran high, till thou went wrong,
Exasperating knave.

My bankroll's gone, I'm nearly, "bust,"
Now show me once your voice,
Or else I'll spurn thee in disgust,
So radio, have your choice.

G. T. Otani, '30

WINTER IN THE WOODS

Now the trees in the chill of the blasts are
caught,
And the nests in their boughs are empty
and torn,
For the songsters of summer, warm climates
have sought,
And nature seems set but to weep and
morn.

See those mountains once clad in a mantle
of gold,
Now dead at their feet it encumbers the
ground;
To be trod by some wanderer pinched with
the cold,
Who hastens his steps at the rustling sound.

Now the northern gale spreads a sable pall,
O'er the visage of nature with an icy hand;
Whilst the trees of the forest ghastly and tall,
In their wintry garb like sentinels stand.

Hiroshi Oka '30

FATHER X'MAS

Santa Claus is here tonight
In his sleigh of red and gold;
A kind and good old Santa Claus
With silv'ry locks and features old.

His reindeers stop on every roof
Where happy children lie abed,
And fearing lest he spoil the fun,
He cautiously steps from his sled.

O'er the chimney top he goes,
His heavy sack across his back,
And smiling o'er the little beds,
Takes pretty toys from out his sack.

And into little stockings,
Sweet cakes and pretty toys he drops,
From his bulging weighty bag,
Filled with dolls and balls and tops.

He fills up little Harry's socks
A ball, a horse, a silver horn
(For he was good throughout the year)
Surprised he'll be when dawns the morn.

At little Mary's bed he stops;
A frown between his kindly eyes,
A naughty girl she has ever been,
Teasing babe and telling lies.

A lesson book she best deserves,
To make her of a better mind;
But hold, she too receives a gift,
For Santa Claus is good and kind.

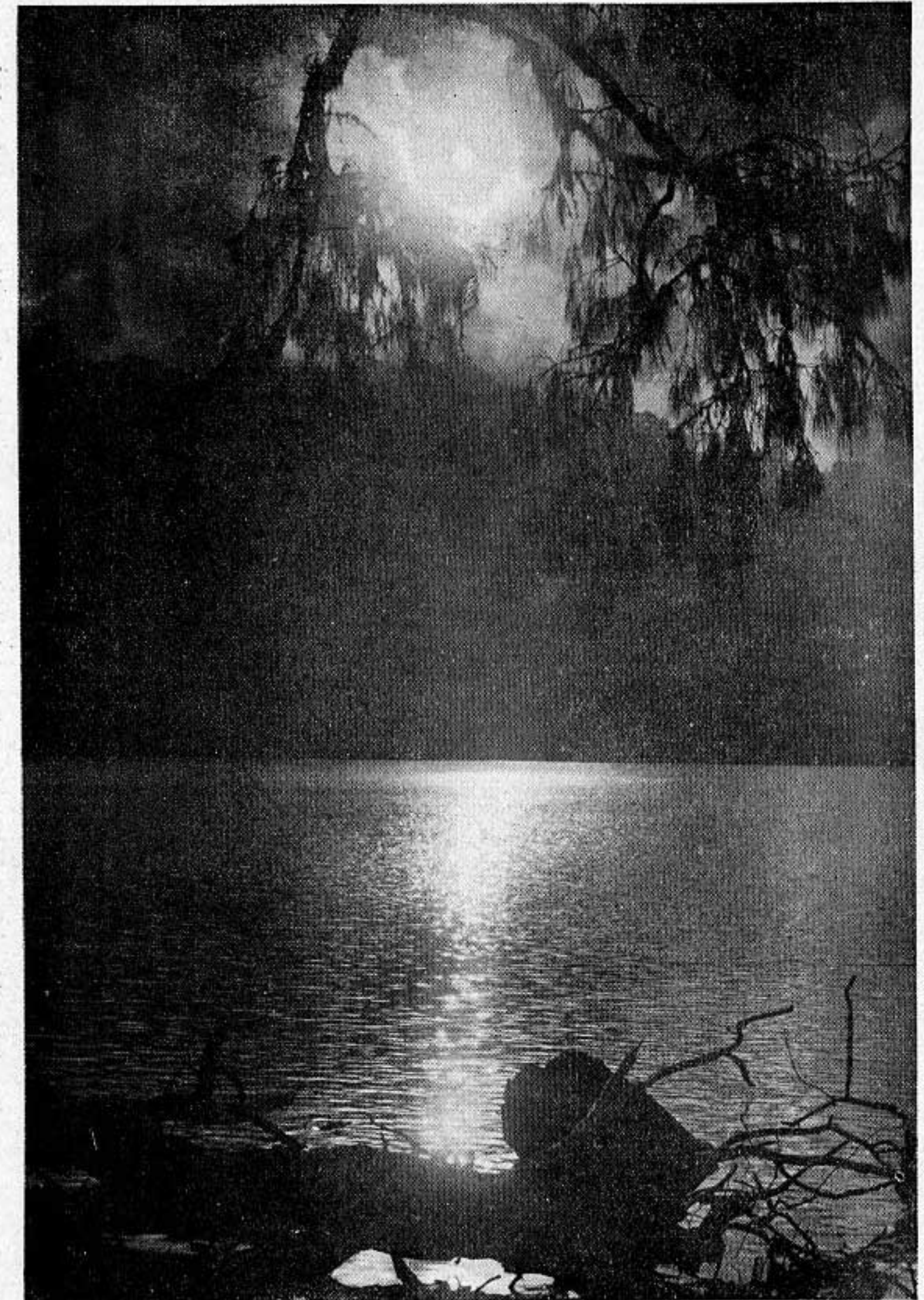
Now here's advice for all of you,
Both little girls and little boys,
The kindly things you say and do
These help to swell your Christmas joys.

H. Luther '29

MOONLIGHT ON LAKE BIWA

When over lake Biwa, draws the curtain of night,
 And the last trace of worry is routed in flight,
 I list to the whisp'rings, that from nature's throat
 Steal in at my window from near and remote.
 Whisp'rings of waters, as the gentle blow
 Of evening's breath, now urges their flow ;
 Whisp'rings from pinetrees whose rich-laden scent,
 O'er lake, grove and forest, in profusion is spent ;
 Whisp'rings of insects in their rustic retreat,
 Swelling the chorus in harmony sweet.
 Now slow in the east, a faint mellow light,
 Stealing over the ridges puts darkness to flight.
 Now its image is fitful, obscured by a cloud,
 Soon clearer it grows as it peeps from its shroud.
 Mid her nebulous subjects, the Queen of Night
 Shines forth in her glory, on the realms of night ;
 Her silvery streamers disport in a bath,
 In the waters of Biwa, where she traces a path,
 While the overhanging pines, now set in a frame
 A vision, far fairer than many of fame.
 Be there a picture that could add to my bliss
 Or a something, in nature, more charming than this,
 I would gladly forego it, for the cot that I own,
 As I view moon-lit Biwa, dreaming, alone.

W. A.



THE MOONLIGHT SCENE



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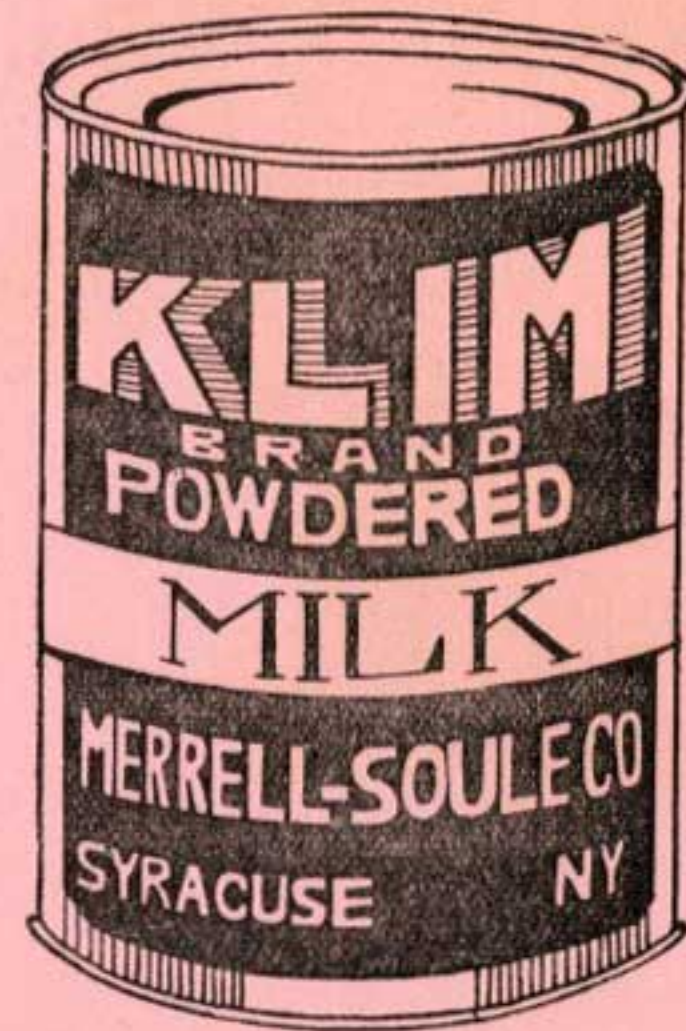
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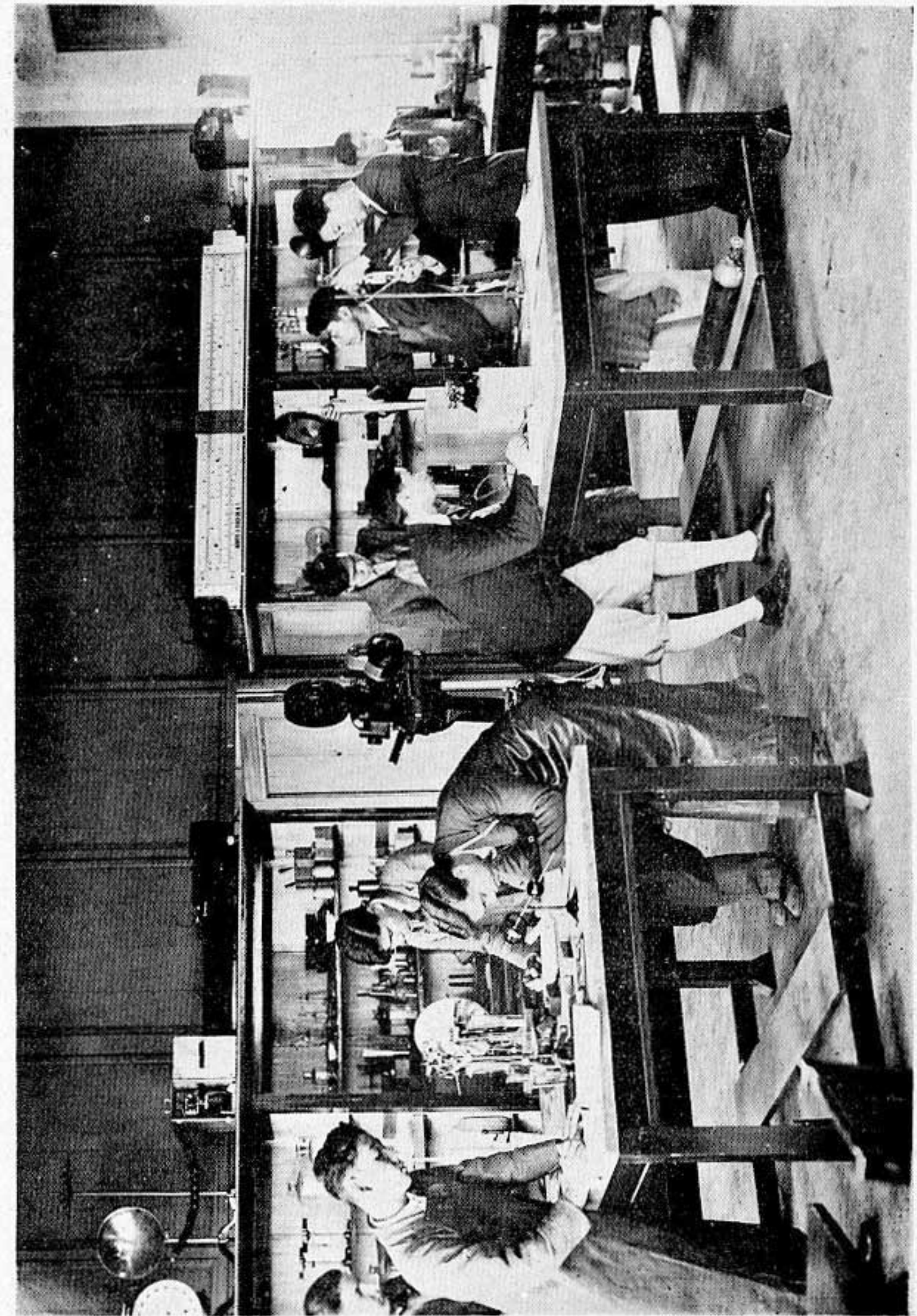
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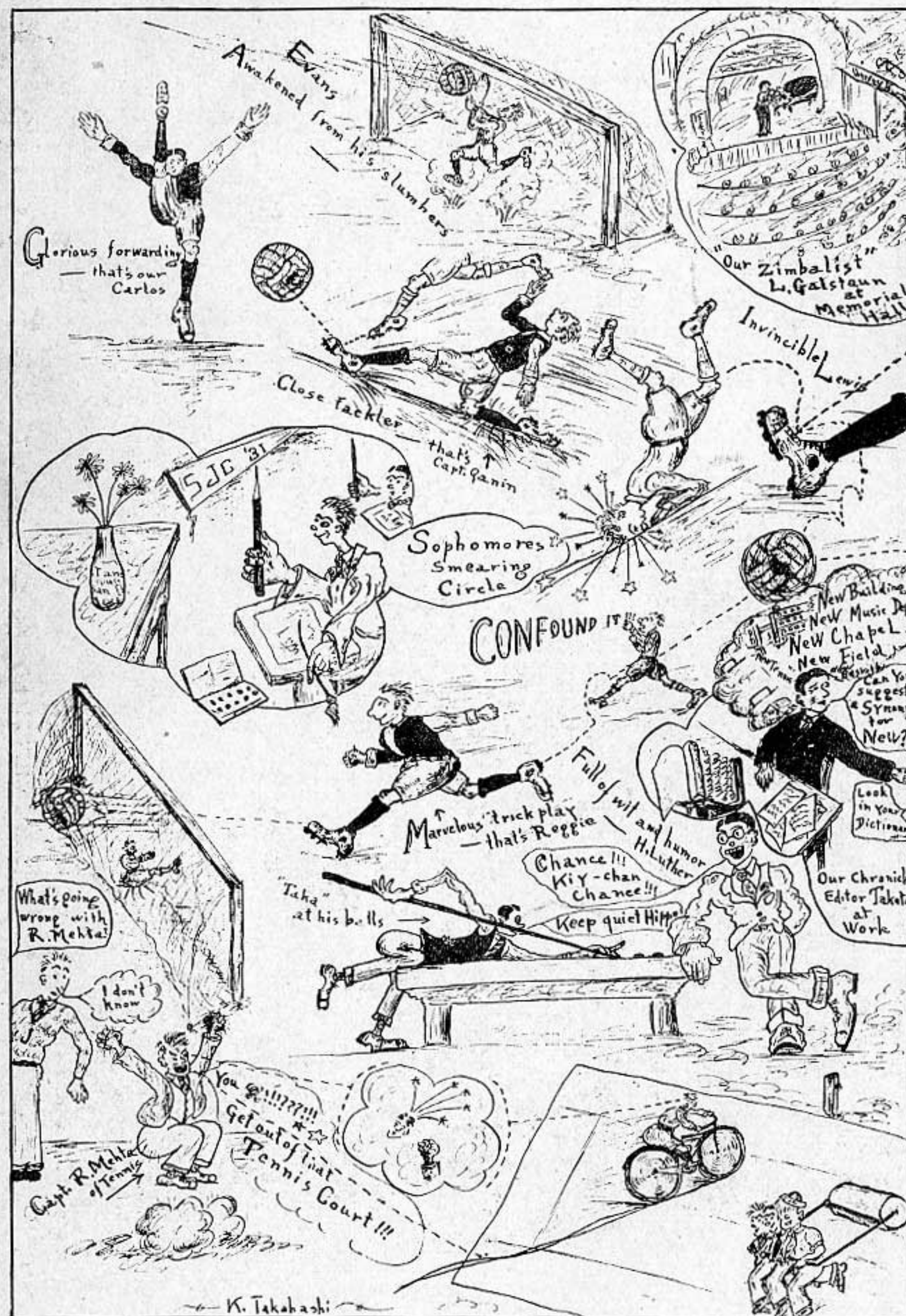
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PRACTICAL SCIENCE IN THE LABORATORY CLASS



By Carlos Low López '29

Charles Mahlman '28 lived up to his appropriated title of "captain" while traveling to America last September. Charlie was quite a favorite with the higher officers on the Taiyo and received special favors from them by his charming ways. Charlie is making his studies the great aim of his manly life. Success Charlie!

Clifford Price '28 the most successful business manager that the Forward ever had is now forging "Forward" in his chemical studies at the University of Dayton. We can do no more than wish him the same success in his studies as he had in managing the Forward.

J. H. d'Almeida writes from Macao inquiring about the activities of the college. We are glad to receive letters from our old boys especially from those so far away. Read the Forward! it will help you very much to keep in touch with your old school. His address is, No 1 Rue de Drake, Macao.

J. S. Boyd '19 of the Glasgow University is in the throes of writing his new book on general physics. That's the idea Boyd! We are proud to learn of your growing success.

I. Agafuroff '26 is the leading alumnus in Harbin. He holds a very fine position with the International Harvester Co. At present he is organizing the former students of Saint Joseph College in an Alumni Association. We are pleased to mention that Iskandar was the first to send us his subscription to the Forward for the coming year.

Joe da Silva '28 left for Hong Kong on the Tenyo to spend his vacation there. You chose the right place to spend your vacation Joe, enjoy yourself but give us a place in your memory. Address. J. da Silva, c/o Mrs. E. O'Brien, 219 Kowloon Tong Kowloon.

Curtis Drinkwater is now in Honolulu after his brief visit to Trinidad. He writes a very interesting letter from the "Paradise of the Pacific" and invites his friends to pay him a visit. Who would not avail himself of your kind invitation if he had the chance?

John S. Mutow '28 started his business career in the office of Mr. Witkowski & Co. John is rapidly climbing the rungs of the business ladder. The best of success is our wish.

Nicholas Skaredoff '28 is now a "high flyer" at Pasadena where he is studying the theory of aeronautics. He entered the University with flying colors.

James J. Henry '28 the Forward cartoonist and assistant business manager is now with the Kurata Engineering Co. His position is the beginning of great things in the life of famous Henry.

John P. Burke '28, our plucky '28 football captain, has joined the construction company which at present is erecting the Yokohama Ford Plant. Although a member of the A. A. A. cagers his favourite hobby is still football. That is the spirit John, keep it up we all wish you the best of success both in your business career and in your sports.

Charles Brioni '08 recently paid a visit to his former teachers. He expressed great pleasure at the progress made by the college. Mr. Brioni is on a business trip from Hankow to London and Paris. We wish our friend great success in his career. His address is; Charles Brioni & Co., Hankow, China.

Louis Howe has established himself in Java where he opened an Insurance office. His father, Dr. Howe is in California.

E. C. Robinson of Keijo put himself in evidence on the school campus some time ago when he gave a fleeting visit to his former teachers. The progress he found in the old school was very pleasing to him. He expects to spend a year in Europe as representative of the Texas Oil Co. Our best wishes for your success.

George Beatty decided to continue his studies in commerce and finance and left for McGill University. Keep it up George! "Perseverance brings success".

Alex Neary '28 writes from Dayton to tell of the royal reception he received on his arrival. He writes further to say that the mechanical drawing which he learned under the tutelage of Mr. Antoni has proved to be a financial asset. Alex also says that the S.J.C. boys in Dayton are doing well and among the best. Stay in that crowd, Alex!

Nicholas Didishko, who occupies an enviable position as manager of the Dining Car Service of the Trans Siberian Railroad, writes that he has decided to leave for America to continue his education. We hope that Nick will have everything his way.

Paul P. Fehlen '28 after graduation entered into the business world and joined the Pearson Mackie & Co. He has enlisted in the A. A. A. eleven and is as usual centering the pill from the left side of the forward line. From what we saw during the High School championship he is making an excellent job of it.

John R. Walker '28 is developing his business abilities in the office of Pearson Mackie & Co. John has a very responsible position, and the Forward Staff wishes him great success in his work.

Matthew C. C. Lum '28 has not yet joined the business world but hopes to do so in the near future. Matthew is a regular member of the Study Club of the St. Joseph College and attends the weekly meetings regularly.

Victor Romanoff passed thru Yokohama on his way to Washington University. Victor has taken up architectural work and hopes to rear his name in fame some day, in one of the most elaborate buildings yet to be designed—by himself. His brother Serge is attending Columbia in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Olivier Guezennec '22 write from 32, Boulevard Exelmans, Paris, that Volande-Gwendolyn came to live with them on October 4. Our congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Guezennec are spending a year in Paris.

Vladimir C. Kulikoff '27 writes from Harbin where he is now making his home that due to civic disorder, life there is anything but pleasant. "Kuli" will not return to Japan but will take up a position in Manchuria.

Michael Apcar, President of the Alumni Association, is the proud father of Michael Apcar Jr. The congratulations of the Alumni are extended. In thirty years Michael Jr. will have the chance to take up the honorable position as President of the A. A. of St. Joseph College.

Boris Sokoloff, who left here 1923 for Marseilles, has returned to Yokohama on the 'Jules Michelet.' Boris joined

the French navy a short while back, and during his stay in Yokohama, he is visiting his sister, and has also paid his respects to his Alma Mater. We hope and wish that Boris steadily climbs the ladder of success during his service which he is rendering to the French nation.

Our congratulations to **Mr. and Mrs. Papendieck**, for the recent arrival of Erwin Junior. May baby Papendieck follow in the footsteps of Erwin and become a great man.

Our hearty congratulations are extended to "**Boss**" **Harold Mason**, and **Miss Mary Simmonds** of Kobe. The wedding bells will soon ring out the joys of their marriage, and the entire Forward staff stands to cheer the newly engaged. St. Joseph College has seldom seen a more active alumnus than "Boss" Mason.

The football team tendered **Captain A.G. Stevens** a hearty reception upon the occasion of his return from England where he spent a year's vacation. The "**Saint**" feels right at home among the boys of S.J.C. and it is our delight to mention that without the Captain in our midst, we would feel a great want. The "**Saint**" attends all our football games and takes a very active interest in all the sports of the College.

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

Our football team is ready now
For glory or defeat,
In custom and respect we bow,
The rival team to greet.

Anon, the whistle starts the game,
We're on, and make a raid,
The ball is passed, a steady aim,
We're thru, a goal is made.

Our courage, now it gathers might,
We're out to make a name,

At every step we show a fight
To boost Saint Joseph's fame.

Victory, it sounds so sweet,
When the battle's noises fade,
But honor lingers in defeat,
When we have fairly played.

Now every teammate be a sport,
Let's shun whatever's mean,
We like to hear, we're of that sort,
That can be fair and clean.

Michael Ganin '30



By Lewis L. Shaw '29

SO far, the football season has been highly satisfactory. In a total of 17 encounters, the S.J.C. team carried 15 off games, losing two, one game being a draw.

The Blue and White team opened the season by trouncing the Kamakura Middle School to the tune of 9-0. Next they romped over the Kanto, and in a tilt with the Asano outfit, after the sixty minutes of play were completed, S.J.C. had ticked off no less than nine points to the opponents' nil. The other schools were dealt with in similar manner tho the scores in some cases were not so large. A game with the Nichu resulted in a draw.

The boat teams also had their share of humiliations at the hands of S.J.C. but the British mother ship "Titania" handed the Saints a defeat of three goals to one. The Blue and Whites succeeded in overcoming a team of the Y.C. & A.C. for the first time in S.J.C. history, but were vanquished in the return match, the second defeat so far.

Against teams of their own weight or even against heavier teams, S.J.C. proved always the victors, but with such teams of experience as the Y.C. & A.C. and the "Titania" we could not hope to win.

Below is a list of the total number of games played so far in the season:

September	9	Kamakura Middle School	Won	9-0
October	3	Kanto Middle School	"	7-0
"	5	Engineering College	"	3-2
"	10	Third Middle School	"	2-0
"	13	S.S. "Menelaus"	"	3-1
"	19	H.M.S. "Titania"	Lost	1-3
"	26	S.S. "Macedonia"	Won	3-1
"	27	Engineering School	"	7-0
"	28	S.S. "Meriones"	"	8-2
November	1	Second Middle School	Draw	2-2
"	3	Asano Middle School	Won	9-0

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DECEMBER, 1928

29

November	10	Y.C. & A.C.	Won	3-1
"	11	Nichu Club	"	3-0
"	16	Y.C. & A.C.	Lost	1-3
"	25	Commercial College	Won	5-1
December	2	Yokohama Soccer Club...	"	7-1
Total Score...								73-17

A glance at the above list will convince anyone that the season so far has been exceptionally brilliant. The team rolled up the large score of 73 goals for and 17 against them. We hope that the Blue and Whites will complete the season with still more victories to their honor.

NICHU vs. S.J.C.

S.J.C. prove too tough for Nichu Old Boys.

Played on S.J.C. grounds, the first round of the football tournament.

AT the start Nichu led an attack into the S.J.C. goal area which was however repelled by the steady work of Low and Asahina. The Vanguards headed by M. Ganin got going but a fumble spoiled a chance for a goal. Nichu came back for another attack, and the S.J. goal had a hairbreath escape. The defence now settled down to stern realities and the half backs feeding the forwards resulted in a fine goal by Turner. Ding dong play continued with no other score till half time.

S.J.C. determined to see the game thru and soon after play was resumed

Price brought the ball up the left flank and centered to Turner who converted it into a marker. The Nichu aggregation now seemed satisfied to keep out of danger while their weak attacks were broken continuously by the halfbacks and backs. Turner now completed his hat trick by netting the pill for the third time. The game was no "greased pig proposition," the opponents being formidable, and the S.J. team had to fight like Trojans. Everyone played up to remarkable standards.

Final Score: 3-0

S.J.C. vs. Y.C. & A.C.

S.J.C. brings home the bacon.

Downs Y.C. & A.C. Team

FOR the first time in the history of S.J.C. the Blue and Whites defeated a team of the Y.C. & A.C. Captain Ganin won the toss and the Y.C. kicked off against a fairly strong wind. With the wind behind them the S.J. forwards encroached

upon the enemy's camp and the Y.C. goalie was kept lively. Soon an opposing forward paid Evans a compliment in the form of a "piledriver" which he heartily declined. This was the only attack made on the S.J. goal in the first half. The forward

line got busy and M. Ganin drove the pigskin into the net for a marker. A few minutes later Mehta netted the pill for S.J.'s second point. The Blue and Whites were far from satisfied and continued their relentless attacking when Shaw of the halfback line scored with a "Long Tom" into

St. Joseph College Wallops Yokohama Soccer Club in Finals of Football Tournament

HAVING eliminated Kosho in a previous game S.J.C. saw the championship game stowed safely away by the comfortable score of 7-1. From the start the Blue and Whites had the better of the argument and a few minutes after play S.J.C. was one up from a goal by Turner. The Y.S.C. defence stiffened and their attack made desperate endeavors to equalize. Following a sudden burst that caught the home defence napping, the Y.S.C. forwards managed to squeeze in a goal thus levelling the scores. Much midfield play ensued with neither side scoring for a long while. At last M. Ganin the leader of the home quintet received a pass from deep center, crossed the opposing backs and scored from close range.....a fine goal. Snapping up a pass from Shaw, Mehta netted the pill for S.J.C.'s third point. The Blue and Whites came back for another attack and the

the corner of the net.

In the second half with the wind in the favor of the heavier team, weight began to tell, but the Y.C. succeeded in scoring only one point.

Referee, Mr. Germain.

Final Score: 3-1

Y.S.C. goalie overstepped his limit. The free kick which was awarded was taken by Captain F. Ganin who passed to M. Ganin and the latter made no mistake.

Half Time...S.J.C. 4 Y.S.C. 1

Resuming play the Soccer Club had their share of attacking however without result, owing to the fine work of the S.J.C. defence. Carlos Low at right back once saved the ball from the jaws of the goal moutha splendid save. This seemed to discourage the Club; and after this the Blue and Whites had it all their own way, assaulting the enemy goal time and again. Price scored from the touch line while Ganin completed his hat trick by netting for the third time. From a beautifully kicked corner by Price, Lee headed in for a marker. By winning this game the Saints are the champions of Kana-gawa Prefecture for the first time in S.J.C. history. Final Score: 7-1



Birds eye View of Business Center of Yokohama



By Frederick S. Ganin '29

Great Expense

Sandy - What is the reason for raising the price of gasoline?
Gasoline Station Man - Why should that bother you, you haven't even got a car?
Sandy - True, but I have got a cigar lighter.

The Air is Free

Keeper - What is the matter with this follow?
Superintendent - He says that air is free and goes around releasing it from people's tires.

A Fired Business Man

"Why so downcast, Jacobs? You look like a tired business man"
'Tis worse than you suspect: I am a fired business man.

Porridge Saucepan

He - I have seen the specialist, and he tells me that I must give up smoking cigarettes at once.
She - Oh, can't you hold out a little longer? We only want twenty-two coupons to get that porridge saucepan.

Unrestricted

Newcomer - Any limit to this game?
Dealer - No, you may lose all you want.

A Good Mixture

Two people can live as cheaply as one-provided the first two are Scotch.

Prof. - Now that we know what an element and a compound are, can any one name a good mixture?
Pupil - Yes, teacher, I can, orange juice, sugar and gin.

An Early Riser

"Are you an early riser?"
"I'm up every morning before the evening papers are out."

A Peal of Bells

Storekeeper—I don't like the ring of this half-dollar.

Customer—What do you want for fifty cents—a peal of bells?

The Halfback

"Boy and how did that big half-back strike you?"

"Strike me? Man he pulverized me."

Tamed

Beater—Why didn't you shoot at that tiger?"

Timid Hunter—I decided that I didn't really need such a ferocious rug.

My Art

Douber—When I was 20 years of age I could have died for my art?

Friend—(gazing around studio)—Ah, my dear fellow, if you only had.

That's What Made Me Mad

"Why did you quit your last job?"

"I got mad at the boss."

"What for?"

"He said I stole 10 yen."

"Why didn't you make him prove it?"

"He did—that's what made me mad?"

Zinc?

Teacher—What is zinc?

Pupil—That's the French pronunciation for think.

"Wet or Dry"

The barber laid aside his shears and brandished the appropriate tool.

"Wet or dry, sir" he asked
"Never mind about my politics," growled the patron, "go ahead and comb my hair."

Explained

Ike—"By the way do you remember borrowing a dollar from me about six months ago?"

Mike—"Yes."

Ike—"You said you wanted only for a short time."

Mike—"I didn't keep it twenty minutes."

A Scotchman rushed up to a Doctor and panted, "I've got a sliver in my tongue!"

"How did that happen?" asked the doctor.

"A man dropped a pint of whisky on the floor."

Mike had been detected in a lie.

"Phew!" exclaimed Pat, "and yez has no regard for the truth."

"Faith," said Mike calmly, "and I have so much regard for the truth that I very rarely use it."

AN ALGEBRAIC "FREAK"

J. S. B. '19

Q. Prove that $0 \div 0 = 2 \times$

A. Obviously, $x^2 - x^2 = 0$(1)

and $x - x = 0$(2)

But (1) may be written $(x - x)(x + x)$, which is of the form $(a^2 - b^2) = (a - b)(a + b)$.

Hence: $\frac{0}{0} = \frac{x^2 - x^2}{x - x} = \frac{(x - x)(x + x)}{(x - x)} = (x + x)$

Therefore, $0 \div 0 = 2 \times$.

Q. E. D.!

Animal Nourishments

"What are you eating there? It looks like a dog biscuit."

"That's what it is. The Doctor told me I need more animal nourishment."

Telewoman

She—If you tell a man anything, it goes in one ear and out of the other.

He—And if you tell a woman anything, it goes in at both ears and out of her mouth.

The Whole Hole

Forty thousand people attended a cheese festival at Monroe Wis. John—Is Peter asleep?
George—Yes, all except his nose.

All Except The Nose

No speeches were made and the Swiss was the whole Cheese!

"What funny names these Chinese towns in the news have," remarked a man from Schenectady as he read a Poughkeepsie newspaper on his way to meet his friend in Hoboken.

Funny Names



Ashinoko in Hakone

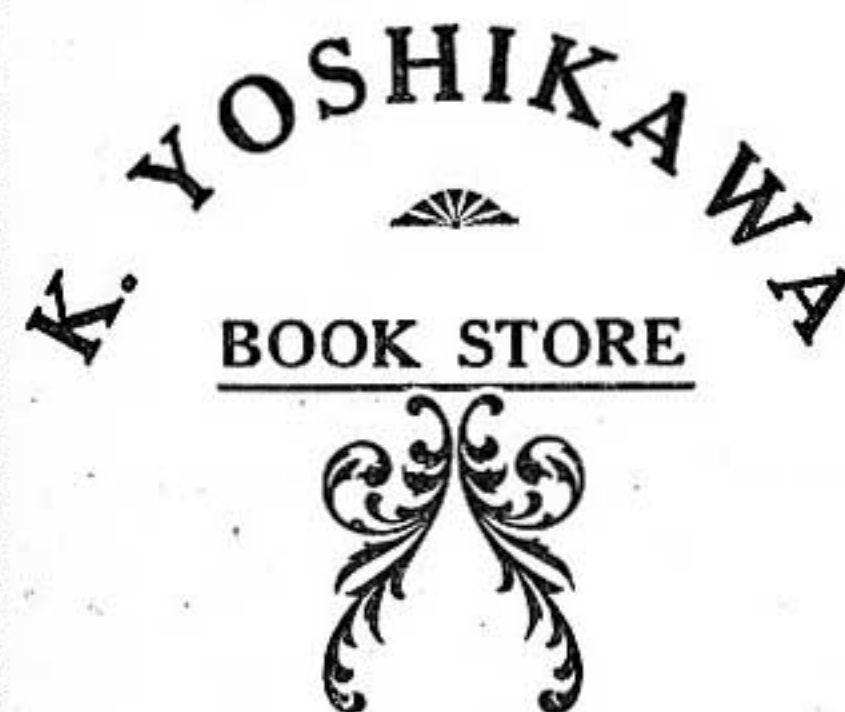


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